But in the eſtimation of a haire,
Thou dyeſt, and all thy goods are confiſcate.
Grat. A ſecond *Daniel*, a *Daniel* Jew:
Now Infidell I have you on the hip.
Por. Why doth the Iew pauſe, take thy forfeiture.
Shy. Give me my principall, and let me go.
Baſſ. I have it ready for thee, here it is.
Por. He hath refuſd it in the open Court,
He ſhall have meerely juſtice and his Bond.
Grat. A *Daniel* ſtill ſay I, a ſecond *Daniel*,
I thanke thee Iew for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not have barely my principall?
Por. Thou ſhalt have nothing but the forfeiture
To be ſo taken at thy perill Iew.
Shy. Why then the Devill give him good of it?
Ile ſtay no longer queſtion.
Por. Tarry Iew,
The Law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the Lawes of *Venice*,
If it be prooved againſt an alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts
He ſeek the life of any Citizen,
The party 'gainſt the which he doth contrive,
Shall ſeaze on halfe his goods, the other halfe
Comes to the privie Coffer of the State,
And the offenders life liis in the mercy
Of the Duke onely, 'gainſt all other voyce.
In which predicament I ſay thou ſtandſt:
For it appeares by manifeſt proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou haſt contrived againſt the very life
Of the defendant: and thou haſt incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehearſt.
Downe therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.
Gra. Beg that thou maiſt have leave to hang thy ſelfe,
And yet thy wealth being forfeit to the State,
Thou haſt not left the value of a cord,
Therefore thou muſt be hang'd at the States charge.

Duke. That

Duke. That thou ſhalt ſee the difference of our ſpirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou aske it:
For halfe thy wealth it is *Anthonio's*,
The other halfe comes to the generall State,
Which humbleneſſe may drive unto a fine.
Por. I for the State, not for *Anthonio*.
Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that,
You take my houſe, when you do take the prop
That doth ſuſtaine my houſe: you take my life
When you do take the meanes whereby I live.
Por. What mercy can you render him *Anthonio*?
Grat. A halter *gratis*, nothing elſe for Gods ſake.
Anth. So pleaſe my Lord the Duke, and all the Court,
To quit the fine for one halfe of his goods,
I am content: ſo he will let me have
The other halfe in uſe, to render it
Upon his death unto the Gentleman
That lately ſtole his daughter.
Two things provided more, that for this favour
He preſently become a Chriſtian:
The other, that he do record a gift
Here in the Court, of all he dies poſſeſt,
Unto his ſonne *Lorenzo* and his daughter.
Duke. He ſhall do this, or elſe I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.
Por. Art thou contented Iew? what doſt thou ſay?
Shy I am content.
Por. Clarke, draw a deed of gift.
Shy. I pray you give me leave to go from hence,
I am not well, ſend the deed after me,
And I will ſigne it.
Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.
Grat. In chriſtning ſhalt thou have two Godfathers,
Had I been judge, thou ſhouldſt have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallowes, not to the Font. *Exit.*
Duke. Sir I intreat you home with me to dinner.
Por. I humbly do deſire your Graces pardon,
I muſt away this night toward *Padua*,

And